By drunken prophesies, libels and dreames,
To set my brother Clarence and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other.
And if king Edward be as true and iust
As *I* am subtile, false and trecherous:
This day should Clarence closely be mewd vp,
About a drohesie which saies that G,
Of Eedwards heires the murtherer shall bee.
Diue thoughts downe to my soule: *Enter Clarence with a guard of men.*
Here Clarence comes,
Brother, good day es, what means this armed guard
That waites vpon your grace?

Cla. His maiestie tendering my persons safetie hath appointed
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.

Glo. Vpon what cause?

Cla. Because my name is George.

Glo. Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your good fathers:
O belike his maiestie hath some intent
That you shall be new christned in the Tower.
But what is the matter Clarence may I know?

Cla. Yea Richard when *I* know, for *I* protest
As yet *I* do not, but as *I* can learne,
He harkens after prophecies and dreames,
And from the crosse-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And saies a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he.
These as *I* learne, and such like toyes as these,
Haue moued his highnesse to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis she
That tempts him to this extremitie:
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Anthony wooduile her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe Clarence we are not safe.

Cla. By heauen *I* thinke there is
But the Queenes kindred, and nigh
That trudge betwixt the King an
Heard ye not what an humble supp
Lord Hastings was to her for his de

Glo. Humbly complaining to he
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his lib
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our
If we will keepe in fauour with the
To be her men, and weare her liue
The iealous oreworne widow and
Since that our brother dubd them
Are mightie gossips in this monarc

Bro. *I* beseech your graces both
His maiestie hath straightly giuen
That no man shall haue priuate co
Of what degree soeuer with his bro

Glo. Euē so & please your worship
You may partake of any thing we
We speake no treason man, we say
*I*s wise and vertuous, and his noble
Well strooke in yeares, faire, and n
We say that Shores wife hath a pre
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing
And that the Queenes kindred are
How say you sir, can you deny all

Bro. With this (my Lord) my sel

Glo. Naught to do with Mistress
He that doth naught with her, exce
Were best he do it secretly alone.

Bro. What one my Lord?

Glo. Her husband knaue, would
Bro. *I* beseech your Grace to par
Your conference with the noble D

Cla. We know thy charge Broke

Glo. We are the Queenes Abiect
Brother farewell, *I* will vnto the K
And whatsoeuer you will imploy
Were it to call King Edwards wi

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